

UNITY.

FREEDOM + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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able for such use. We hope to hear from some of our correspondents on these questions.

A Boston journal seriously advocates conferring the elective franchise on the American Indians. This course is certainly a legitimate one for a paper that holds the theory that suffrage is a primary and natural right. For ourselves we prefer to believe that one's primary right is to *good* government, and not to a share in the government unless his possession of it be for his own and the general welfare.

The Episcopal churches of this country are discussing a change of name to "Holy Catholic," which, according to one of their western sheets, is their "real and historic name." We wonder how many of our non-Episcopalian friends who make occasional use of the Apostles' Creed are aware that their belief in "the Holy Catholic Church" is, strictly interpreted, an adhesion to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the U. S. A.?

A movement is on foot to arrange the business of the courts in this city in such a way that jurors will be required to attend only four hours a day. It is hoped that this change will go to diminish the prevalent reluctance of the most intelligent citizens to serve on juries, inasmuch as it will allow them a part of their time for their own business. Should this scheme prove effectual it will doubtless be a long step toward good government.

We give on another page a most interesting letter from Mrs. Frances B. Cook descriptive of the Wisconsin Conference held on the 8th and 9th ult. It will be seen that plans are already in formation for another Wisconsin grove meeting at Lake Koshkonong next summer, and that Chicago is especially invited to take part. For all practical purposes, Chicago is just as much a part of Iowa, and of Wisconsin, and of two or three other States, as it is of Illinois.

The woman suffrage movement may well pray to be delivered from its friends. The *Radical Review* of this city says:

The question of woman suffrage has been argued *pro* and *con* to such an extent, within the last decade, that argument, as such, can indeed be considered as exhausted. Neither can an intelligent opposition any longer be mustered against the movement. Still, the existence of a strong opposition at even the present stage is too evident to be denied or disregarded, albeit its only excuse for existing is profound ignorance or brutal obstinacy.

Abusive language will not help forward any reform, and the opponents of woman suffrage cannot be gained over by charging them with "brutal obstinacy."

The officers of the "National Liberal League" have issued a call for their eighth annual meeting, inviting the coöperation of all "who believe in a secular government and a

For many weeks the *Carthago delenda est* of the *Current* was: "Pay the teachers better wages." Since the opening of the summer vacation it has taken up the word: "Sustain the preacher *himself* better." Both of these exhortations we heartily approve.

Rev. Joseph Cook says that there are two kinds of Congregationalism, one unsound and the other sound. The general acceptance of the new creed by members of that body must have convinced him ere this that the unsound element is in the ascendancy.

Dr. Bartol, at the Concord School of Philosophy last week, said of Emerson's style: "It is not consecutive logical demonstration or spontaneous combustion; neither a conflagration nor a flood. * * * He is an intermittent geyser, a fountain that does not always play. But he draws from the heart of nature and the river of God."

In his recent lecture on Emerson's ethics, Mr. Edwin D. Mead contrasts the poet's system with that of Kant. In the ethics of the latter, he says, "the moral life appears almost like a chronic crucifixion, and we are forever suspicious whether an act be moral at all in so far as it is a pleasure. With Emerson the moral life becomes by and by to the healthy and obedient soul a joy and an inspiration from the great God."

A correspondent from the Pacific coast asks for a graded series of Sunday School lessons, making a course of not less than seven years, and designed to train children up gradually into membership in Unitarian churches. It is an interesting question whether a course of this kind would be desirable. Also, it might be well to consider how much of the material now offered by our western society would be avail-

secular republic," etc., etc. "The League," the call proceeds, "has for its objects the purposes above stated, and has sought to carry them out by securing:

* * * * *

5. The inviolability of the mails, and their impartial administration for postal purposes only."

A tolerable frank avowal, this, of the action by which the League is popularly known! As long as this organization continues its opposition to the postal laws which have been enacted for the maintenance of public decency, so long it will forfeit whatever respect its character and purposes might otherwise command.

Dr. I. M. Atwood, in one of his editorial notes which appear simultaneously in the *Christian Leader* and the *Universalist*, says that neither the Republican nor the Democratic party has in its platform "laid on itself the weight of the superfluous hypocrisy of bidding for Prohibition or Woman Suffrage support." We have spoken in another paragraph of an advocacy from which reforms may well pray to be delivered. There is also a kind of opposition which they may well afford to brave. The contemptuous spirit that would dismiss living issues with a gesture as unworthy of any recognition will make more friends than enemies for the idea assailed. We are not asserting that prohibition or woman suffrage planks should have been embodied in the party platforms. The fact that these questions are for the present matters of state polity rather than national justifies the omission. But we do enter our protest against characterizing the recognition of these issues as "superlative hypocrisy."

The *True Witness*, a new Catholic monthly published in this city, comments vigorously on the utterances of Mr. Beecher, Prof. Swing and other ministers regarding the nomination of Mr. Blaine:

"The audaciousness of Protestant preachers on the Republican nomination was surprising as well as amusing, and disgusting as well as idiotic. On the other hand, the stately dignity of the Catholic church was pre-eminently exemplified and manifested, in that its priestly apostles were proudly silent regarding the Republican action, and neither by hint or innuendo gave sign to their intelligent congregations, how they should vote."

We cannot but recognize the justice of the above strictures. Politics constitute a subject that may well claim the best thought of the pulpit as well as of the press and of the rostrum, but partisan politics are rather unsafe ground for the religious teacher, and personalities in partisan politics are out of place everywhere, and nowhere to so great a degree as in the place where we have a right to look for the highest thought, the noblest counsel.

Since the death of Chunder Sen, the Brahmo Somaj has divided into two factions, of which the one opposed to Mozoomdar would seem to be in the ascendancy at present. Mozoomdar is holding Sunday evening services in his own house, and the organ of the "Sadharan" party is quoted as saying: "This is a fair indication that he has already decided upon his course for the future. The possibility of his party coalescing with ours is yet very distant. His party still share the New Dispensation prejudices against our body, and it will be long before those prejudices and personal feelings are laid aside. Whilst looking upon these internal divisions and dissensions as things over which we have little or no control, we cannot but mourn over the fact, that at

a time when the Brahmos should be a united and strong body to fight their common enemies, they are torn by internal discord, and weakened by mutual conflict. Men must be true to their principles, there should be separate action, but in things that are common and where all can act together with advantage, our policy should be to unite. Nothing is easier than to cause division, but the soul of wisdom lies in union and charity."

In a recent number of the *Christian Register* Rev. S. S. Hunting tells of an experiment which he made in the line of the Post-office Mission. He sent to each of a list of names from the subscription list of an anti-monopoly paper the following questions:

1. Do you wish an anti-monopoly religion?
2. What kind of religious literature suits you?
3. Would you like us to send you something that would help your head and your heart also?
4. Will you write us what you think of what is sent you?

Our brother caught a Tartar with one of his circulars, and received this energetic reply:

1. I wish a Christianity that respects other people's religion.
2. The Bible.
3. Send what you like: my head is feeling very well, and I hope and trust that a thorough study of the Bible will set my heart right.
4. I think they are the writing of crazy-brained fanatics, who care more to make money than to do good to their fellow-men; and I would not trust them in my family. Your circulars or tracts were handed me, and, as they request an answer, I suppose I have fulfilled my mission in the matter.

At their recent annual meeting, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association petitioned Queen Victoria that the Athanasian Creed be no longer used in the public worship of the Church of England. Upon this action a contemporary comments as follows:

These "freedom-shriekers" have been doing their best to inaugurate an era of religious persecution, the Church of England being the object of their attack. * * * * Inconceivable intolerance, because it can hardly be credited that, in this year of grace, 1884, any one religious body whatever, either in England or America, should attempt to invoke the aid of the civil authority for an infringement upon the rights and liberties of another religious body.

We do not hesitate to call the above paragraph designedly misleading. Our contemporary cannot be ignorant that the Church of England is supported by the state, that all English subjects are obliged to contribute to its expenses, and that it exists in theory at least for the benefit of the whole people. The petition of the Unitarian Association was not addressed to the "civil authority," but to the Queen as the head of the Church, and it is perfectly evident that the petitioners were justified in protesting against the use of a bitterly controversial creed in public services which they help to support. The wisdom of the petition is another question, and we think the success of the reform would be hastened by leaving it in the hands of the powerful liberal wing of the state church.

The *Northwestern* (Methodist) of this city gives a "social diagnosis" of a village of 1500 inhabitants, which it forbears to locate more definitely than to say that it is in this country. There are in the village described about 200 boys and girls from twelve to sixteen years of age. While a fair proportion of the number attend school, the prevailing sentiment among the young people is that education is a "bore

and a nuisance,"—to be avoided if possible, otherwise to be finished with the smallest waste of time and energy. Of the 200 boys and girls, it is reported that 163 read nothing except current novels and newspapers, and nearly half the number read nothing at all. Twenty-five of the 200 young folks make use of the village library, and only five of them during two years have taken any books outside of current fiction. The saloons, with which the village is well supplied, are the centers of interest for the boys and young men. The girls' chief pleasures are in the language of the *Northwestern* "to gossip several hours daily and to dance when the young men can be enticed to spare a few hours from the saloons." Ninety per cent of the parents are members of churches or at least regular attendants. "Some three revivals in recent years have brought perhaps a fourth of the children into churches; but there was no 'depth of earth,' no serious-mindedness, and they backslid in a few months." The reporter goes on to tell that the principal social diversion among the "best" people was card-playing; that perhaps fifty of the women read novels, but that even novel-reading was too hard for most of them, that young mothers took good care of their children till they sent them to the public school, when they lost all control of them, and concludes: "It seems to me that the town is retrograding into barbarism."

Is this a true picture of American village life? For if it is true, there is proof positive that the needs of the people are not met by a religion of "revivals," and there is an ever increasing call for a religion that will minister to the spirit and to the understanding also.

The following admirable extract is from our valued exchange the *Living Church*, (Episcopalian) in its issue for July 19, 1884:

"An optional and allowable ceremony"—a good phrase enough, as applied to hanging a door or harnessing a horse, but what is one to think of it as applied, by a cotemporary, to the baptism of children? Could words be chosen that are more malapropos and unfortunate? If it be a law of Christ to baptize children, the neglect of it is a sin; if it be not a law of Christ, the performance is a sacrilege. How then can it ever be optional? Then, as to the word "allowable;" if it be used to express the permission or consent of the Christian body, it also implies the right of withholding consent or permission. Does not this degrade the whole subject of baptism from its character as a Holy Sacrament, to a minor police regulation in the kingdom? This view is further suggested by the use of the word "ceremony;" has it come to this, that the very sacrament of approach into the kingdom of our Lord, the only visible way by which any one can come to him, or be brought to him, is characterized as a ceremony, and not as a great spiritual fact?

We will explain presently our reason for calling the above extract admirable. Meanwhile, we have to confess that we are unable to follow the editor's logic where he says,—"If it be not a law of Christ, the performance is a sacrilege." What is his major premise? Apparently it is: Every (religious) performance not enjoined by a law of Christ is a sacrilege! And does not this broad statement seem to involve grave difficulties in justifying the non-sacrilegious character of most of the "minor police regulations in the kingdom," such as the wearing of a surplice, the intoning of prayers, and other similar ceremonies which the present writer, at least, has been disposed to regard as "optional and allowable." This point we do find it difficult to understand, and we shall be grateful if the *Living Church* will enlighten us. But for that part of the paragraph which we do understand, we wish to express our unfeigned admiration.

If it does not carry out the letter of Jesus' injunction to "put new wine into fresh wine-skins," it does not at least offend against the spirit by putting the new into the old, but keeps the old husk and kernel together. Calvinism is—not to say has been—a power in the world. And Calvinism is a complete logical system. Baptism as a "great spiritual fact," as "the very sacrament of approach into the kingdom," and as the sole alternative to infant damnation, constitutes as vital a part of the system as do the fall of Adam and the mechanical theory of the atonement. Those who, unlike our esteemed friend of the *Living Church*, fail to recognize this fact, and persist in pouring the new wine of liberal ideas into the dried skin of Calvinism, display their lack of intellectual seriousness or of intellectual honesty.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The peace editor of *UNITY* is "off duty" for the next two or three issues, the responsibility and labor of the "editorial chair" falling upon the office associate, Mr. Kerr. If during our absence *UNITY* is placed on a war footing, or becomes Buddhistic, orthodox or political in its efforts to advance the kingdom of decent living and right thinking, our readers will understand that such powers were granted to the *brevet* editor. We lay but two injunctions on our fellow worker, viz: Insist on "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion," and increase if possible the subscription list.

But this vacation indolence has not wholly cured the editorial itching in our fingers, and we must tell the friends that we caught a two days' glimpse of the great National Educational Association recently held in Madison, Wisconsin—the largest meeting of teachers ever held in the United States, which is probably the same as saying that it was the largest meeting of the kind ever held on this planet. Over six thousand visitors crowded the houses and streets of the pretty little Capital City. The enthusiasm and good will were contagious. Everything, from the squirrels in the park up to the lofty form of the efficient President, Hon. T. W. Bicknell, of Boston, was radiant with enthusiasm. Aside from the generating of much wholesome and helpful fellowship among this worthy band of teachers, the Association gave a decisive push forward to several things in which our readers are much interested, and which are clearly identified with the interests which *UNITY* represents. Kindergarten work received much attention; manual training occupied the most attractive session; the education of the Indian was presented by Gen. Armstrong of the Hampton School and Prof. Riggs of the Santee Mission of Nebraska, who demonstrated his theories by exhibiting his class of fourteen Indian boys and girls with their gentle, thoughtful, and in some cases loving faces. The needs and prospects of the South were prominently brought forward by the eloquence of Rev. A. D. Mayo, who was one of the most honored members of the association. Indeed, this great gathering was a great missionary meeting in the interest of fellowship. *UNITY* was the great heart-word of the convention. Its gospel was one of reconciliation. The ex-confederate school-master from the South standing manfully in his gray told of his joy in teaching the children of North Carolina to reverence the Stars and Stripes and love the Union. The colored school-master was cheered by the white hands, Monseigneur Capel was welcomed as a Catho-

lic, and he in turn pledged Catholic support to the public schools of these United States. And the Indian boys and girls led the vast congregation in singing "America."

But we shall forget our vacation obligations if we write more at this time of the great meeting. We have bottled up several things with pith and point for editorial uses in September. Until then let us all try to keep cool.

J. LL. J.

St. Paul, Minn., July 23.

Contributed and Selected.

LYROS.

Soft in my hand is a lyre
Graven deep on a shell;
One of a mystic choir
Singing in parable:

" Swing I in the Southern Sea,
" Speak I to the Southern Sun,
" And the Southern shores with me
" Shout in unison.

" God built me ages ago
" Low in his living creed;
" Washed by the ebb and the flow
" Wave and the weed.

" Not to thyself alone,
" Live to the higher call,
" Each is the other's own,
" Lo! I am all."

JOHN TUNIS.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.—III.

In a discussion which has recently been renewed in quarters where it has hardly risen before, we see the same tendency to fill out or limit the meaning of Scripture words, to make them conform to the more precise thinking of the present age. The term "*aionios*" as applied to death and retribution: does it mean "everlasting" or something else? Had it a literal sense or was it only a figure of speech? And we see the attempt made to ground the belief or disbelief in the infinity of torment and death for the larger portion of the race on a mere question of derivation. Must we make of Jesus and his disciples comparative philologists and metaphysicians, before we can hope to find out what they meant? If this method saves our doctrine, again I say it will cost us the Bible.

Just so, too, when Theodore Parker calls God "Mother," to get his own tender sentiments into the Hebrew God-head; and Mathew Arnold defines Him as "the Power not ourselves which makes for Righteousness," to get all the passion and personality out of it—to present that calcined, or acid-eaten residue of Jewish belief, which the scientific Englishman even of the Darwinian school might accept, it is the same method still further applied. It is not in the direction of a clearer exposition of Hebrew thought, but away from that simplicity and realism of language which has held the world in sublime admiration these thousands of

years. However little I feel bound to accept the Hebrew view of God and his providences, he who professes to expound it must give it as he *finds it*, and not as he or any man or doctrine or church may happen to desire it.

It may seem strange to say so, but it is probable that the time has but just come, when we could apply the *historical method* of interpretation to the Bible fearlessly and thoroughly. We do not wonder that those who found in that book the ground of all their hopes and fears, the entire sum of their faith, turned and twisted the letter to let in air and light here and there, to relieve the growing reason of the terrible strain of imprisonment and hunger. Far enough be it from us to blame them or impugn their motives, however dogmatic or fanciful their conclusions. In the end, however, I think it will be found that the orthodox was more correct in his exegesis than the rationalist. Rationalism in interpretation is equally offensive to him who is bound by the traditions and to him who is free from them. It is indeed a necessary stage in the transition. But he who is really free sees in it weakness and evasion. It is a position illogical, inaccurate and untenable. It is an attempt to win by ingenuity, which in the end defeats the author by casting suspicion on his work. It looks like Jesuitism rather than scholarship. It is travesty rather than interpretation. It forced from Dr. Bushnell years ago this declaration "the charlatanism of interpretation—it is really one of the saddest chapters of Christian history."

It would be unnecessary to cite so many instances of departure from a fundamental rule or to characterize in so strong language these errors, did they not still so widely prevail, even among those of our own school of thought. We do not realize how much we allegorize and rationalize until we study our own mental processes and habits. We have made great advances. We do not with Cocceius find Christ on every page of the Old Testament, or say with Augustine that everything which comes to pass in the world, was foretold in the Scriptures. We do not think with Epiphanius that it contains a complete system of mineralogy, or hold with Swedenborg that when a writer says one thing it is clearly demonstrated that he means something else. We do not with Strauss or Cox treat every myth or miracle as an unhealthy excrescence, as a *disease of language*, yet the fragments of these systems and the tendency to adopt them remain. While the allegorist or dogmatist makes of the Bible a nose of wax or a gum-elastic face, putting it into many shapes, making it produce an infinite variety of expressions, comely or grotesque, wise, solemn, or comic, according to the fancy of the manipulator, while the etymologist and modern mythologist, equally dissatisfied with the text as it stands, gropes his way back into a past virtually unrepresented and forgotten in the work to be considered, each violates our rule. The typical method of interpretation puts into Scripture meanings which it came to have as thought was more highly developed: the etymological method puts into the words meanings which they once had, but have lost. To him who is reading the Bible for its true sense, it is not a question what "day" of creation meant before that division of time existed, or what it *will* mean when that distinction ceases to exist; nor what Samson or "devil" meant before any such personality was believed in, or what they mean to us, who have ceased to believe in them; but what did these words signify when the writers used them, when the Scriptures were collected, when the Bible found its first readers?

All these researches to which allusion has been made

have their place; their authors have won immortal distinction; most of them began the attempts to save the Bible, not to overthrow it, and no man's spirit of speculation and inquiry is to be abridged. But the origin of a word and the meaning of a word are two different things, and so of whole narratives. And to read the Bible for what is best in it, to get at its *true spirit* and power, we are to come to it with a natural interest as the child comes to his Grimm story, to the fables of *Aesop*, or to *Pilgrim's Progress*. We must learn to read it without *protesting*—as we read Homer or Herodotus, or Montaigne. For so long as this friction of the intellect goes on with the narrative it bites and kills all sentiment, the flower of religious emotion. I close with a remark of old Fuller: "Thus it is just with God, that they who will not feed on the plain meat of his word, should be choked with the bones thereof."

JOHN C. LEARNED.

ELIAS HICKS.*

"The rise of the people called Quakers," says George Bancroft, "is one of the memorable events in the history of man. It marks the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable right."

George Fox's arduous missionary labors began about the year 1644 and extended over forty years. For six years before his death, which occurred in 1691, he preached but rarely. William Penn and Robert Barclay, early converts to Fox, reënforced the worthy pioneer by devoting their rare native gifts, and their still rarer intellectual polish, to the propagation, discussion, and defense of the new doctrine. Twenty years after Fox's death, Penn, though sixty-five years old and much worn, was still vigorous in mind and was traveling as a minister of the gospel. Barclay lived only forty-two years. But he was a quick workman—a Calvinist, a Roman Catholic, and then a Quaker, all before he reached the age of twenty. Established in his faith, he thenceforward did much, by pen and voice, to rectify public opinion concerning the doctrines of Friends. At Penn's death, in 1718, this peculiar sect had been in existence about seventy years. Thirty years later, Elias Hicks was born, in Hempstead, L. I. And near the same place he died, in 1830—more than fifty years ago, at the ripe age of eighty-two. From the "Journal of his Life and Labors" I have drawn most of the following incidents and inferences concerning the personality of the man, and have been aided by a few of his published sermons to determine in a degree what were the chief grounds of difference between the Hicksite and the so-called Orthodox branch of Friends.

Elias Hicks's parents had not been in strict fellowship with any religious society until about the time of his birth, when the father united in membership with Friends; yet Elias's associates, for several years, were among those of other religious persuasions, "or, what was still worse for me," he writes, "among those who made no profession at all. This exposed me to much temptation." Near the new home to which they removed when Elias was about ten years old, fish and fowl were abundant; and the amusements of angling and "shooting" gained an ascendancy in his mind—amusements for which he felt condemnation in later years. Yet he considerably remarks that these diversions were profitable to him in his exposed condition, as they often prevent-

ed his straying from home and joining loose company. At thirteen, a year or two after his mother's death, he was placed in the family of an older brother, where, being without parental restraint, he mixed with gay associates, lost much of his youthful innocence, was led wide from the salutary path of true religion, learned to sing "vain songs," and to take delight in running horses. Yet he always had regard to strict honesty and good breeding. He recounts, gratefully, his preservation from many snares while going from place to place as a carpenter-and-joiner's apprentice. After relating somewhat of his growth in religious knowledge and the high motives and providential aids which resulted in his withdrawal from the light companions of those days, he has the following quaint recital: "In the twenty-second year of my age, apprehending it right to change my situation from a single to a married state, and having gained an intimate acquaintance with Jemima Seaman, of Jericho, and my affection being drawn to her in that relation, I communicated my views to her, and received from her a corresponding expression of affection. And having the full unity and concurrence of our parents, we, after some time, accomplished our marriage at a solemn meeting of Friends, at Westbury, on the 2d of 1st month, 1771." He mentions the very early death of two of his seven daughters, and dwells tenderly upon the resigned cheerfulness of his four sons, each of whom, strange to say, lost the power to walk, by about the ninth year, though one of them lived to be almost nineteen.

Elias Hicks did not yield to the first clear intimation given him to utter a few words in Friends' meeting—an omission for which he felt close rebuke. But he was faithful to the secret vow he then formed, and, persevering in duty and watchfulness, he witnessed an increase in divine knowledge, and an enlargement of his gift.

Of the sincerity of Elias Hicks, his devotion to the truth, his attentiveness to the least whisper of the word spoken in his soul, his fortitude and his self-denial, this diary gives abundant proof. His journeys were many and tedious. Long, too; for from Long Island he started out, again and again, bearing the certificate of the monthly meeting that he went with the unity and concurrence of those before whom he had laid his "concern." Now it was to visit all Friends in New England; now in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. And he notes that his first absence had covered five months and two weeks, that he had ridden about sixteen hundred miles, and had attended about one hundred and forty-three meetings. He spends several years in preaching at and about home, seldom more than thirty or forty miles away. Next we find him with Friends in Canada and some of the northern parts of the Yearly Meeting of New York; then in the Middle and the Southern States—though never south of Virginia; and twice, his labors took him into the far West, even to Ohio and Indiana.

Doubtless these tens of thousands of miles of travel afforded ample ground for incident; but the recorded incidents are few, if I except such as pertain to greetings and farewells, and to the sparks struck off by clash of opinions. Among those of special interest, though perhaps foreign to the purpose of this essay, is a not-unlooked-for meeting with two highwaymen, when he and his traveling companion were midway between the British and American lines. "I did not see them until they spoke, and one of them demanded, very rudely, to know where we were going. I looked calmly upon him, and informed him, without the least inter-

* An Essay prepared for "Unity Club," Bloomington, Illinois.

ruption of mind, where we were intending to go. He then interrogated me further, as to where we had been, what our business was, and where we were from; to all of which I gave true and suitable answers, in a mild and pleasant tone. They seemed thereby to be entirely disarmed of their rage and violence, although they had just before robbed and beat a man. Then the one who had hitherto stood silent, being the most overcome, said to his fellow, 'Come, let us go; the Quakers go where they please'; then, turning away, they left us."

Here is an encounter of a different feather: "The water was so high that we could not approach the bridge by the road commonly used; and we only succeeded in reaching it, by proceeding ourselves on the top of a high fence, and leading our horses by our sides. Mine fell into a deep part of the creek, but he soon rose and swam to the shore. A Friend was in company with us, with a one-horse carriage, and there appeared to be no way of getting his conveyance over, but by the horse swimming with it over the creek. We knew the danger, but as there were no inhabitants on this neck of land, nor near to it, and as night was coming on, we pursued that course, and led the horse with the carriage into the creek. After violent exertions, being at one time drawn under water by the weight of the carriage, he took it safe over."

Elias Hicks was an earnest opponent of slavery, intemperance, war, litigation; and obedience to the behests of fashion, each of which became a frequent topic in his efforts to arouse "undisciplined spirits, and to strengthen the faithful." Few have sought to free themselves so completely as did he from all complicity with human oppression. He went so far even as a refusal to use any product of slave labor. It is said that, in his dying hour, an impatient movement of his hand was well known to be with a view to free his arms and chest from contact with a fabric of cotton.

Not seldom the preacher makes record of his anguish in view of the deep baptisms through which he has to pass. "Parents and children are estranged from the law and the testimony." "Great desolations, in a religious sense, are apparent among many professors." But, again, he is "strengthened to rejoice with joy unspeakable." He has "a very comfortable heart-tendering season among a few Friends and the town's people." He is "favored by the spirit of truth in a large searching testimony."

"But," you ask, "what about Elias Hicks's founding the Hicksite branch of Friends? Where is the evidence of his Liberal Thought? What was the cause of division, and where the line?" I think that by far the larger number of his ministrations showed not the slightest divergence from the generally accepted views of the body of Friends, and that, even to the last, the particulars in which Elias did not hold *with* the so-called orthodox were but few. Let us examine.

From a volume entitled, "A Portraiture of Quakerism," by Thomas Clarkson, A. M., published seventy-six years ago, i. e. at the very time when Elias Hicks was giving his mature, and in no sense decaying, effort to the ministry, I extract the accepted doctrine of Friends, touching the Scriptures: "It is a doctrine of the Society, That the Spirit of God is the primary and only infallible, and the Scriptures but a subordinate or secondary guide." "That cannot be the only and principal guide, which doth not universally reach every individual that needeth it. But the Scriptures do not reach deaf persons nor children nor idiots nor an immense number of people, more than half of the globe, who never

saw or heard of them. These, therefore, if they are to be saved like others, must have a different or a more general rule to guide them, or be taught from another source."

This being sound Quaker doctrine, it would seem that the Society could not take offence when Elias Hicks said: "I feel it a duty to set the Scriptures in the right place, and I dare not set them above it. By our believing that we can help ourselves to Heaven by the aid of the Scriptures, a mere written book, at the same time that we understand it so diversely, we are set to warring and quarreling. Instead of its being a sufficient rule of faith and practice, it is the reverse; for while it is depended on as such, it hinders us from coming to the truth. The Scriptures never told us that they were a sufficient rule, but they recommend us to that from which they themselves had their origin—the Spirit of truth." "If," says he, "the Scriptures could not be written but by the Spirit of God, so neither can they be understood but by inspiration. We are to look—not in our neighbor's heart nor in our neighbor's book, for a law, but in our own souls. The Bible never made a Christian in the world. Nothing but what is begotten in every soul can manifest God to the soul."

Elias Hicks seems at times to have been almost entirely unconscious of any peculiarity in his view of Christ. Yet it was in this chiefly that his heresy consisted. It may well have happened that a change in his views came on so gradually as to be almost unobserved by himself. Should this seem impossible or at least very improbable, I have to say we meet in his case a fact still stranger. I mean his *denial* only a short time—hardly a year—before his death, of the charges so widely and so persistently brought against him, touching his non-belief in the Divinity of Christ.

The kind courtesy of Jonathan Plummer, of Chicago, has placed in my hand a reprint of "Answers to Six Queries Proposed to Elias Hicks" in a letter from New York. After expressing surprise that his friend should have given the least credit to any of those irrational and false reports to which these questions allude, he quotes questions and makes replies:

1. Dost thou wish to be understood by anything thou may have said, in public or in private, that thou denies the miraculous conception of the fleshly body of Jesus Christ, or dost thou believe that Joseph was his father?

Answer.—I have ever believed and asserted that I had as full belief in the miraculous conception of the fleshly body of Jesus Christ as it was possible for the history to give. I have never said or thought that Joseph was his father.

2. Dost thou mean to be understood that thou denies the divinity of Christ?

Answer.—I apprehend that no member of the Society of Friends has more often in his public communications asserted the divinity of Christ the Son of God than I have; assuring my hearers he was fully swallowed up in the divine nature and complete divinity of his Heavenly Father. But I never believed that Jesus Christ was the Father himself. He was truly the Son of God indued with power from on high, by which he was qualified to usher in and introduce the new covenant dispensation, as prophesied by Jeremiah, when all outward mediation should cease, as the law of God was now to be written on the inward table of the heart.

* * * This is the only possible covenant.

3. * * * As denying the authority of the Scriptures?

Answer.—I have highly estimated them from my youth up—have always given them the preference to any other

book, and I would recommend all to the frequent and diligent perusal of them. And I apprehend I have received as much comfort from them as any other man. Indeed, they have instructed me home to the sure and unchangeable foundation—the light within, or spirit of truth, the only gospel foundation, that leads and guides into all truth, and thereby completes man's salvation, which nothing else ever can do. But I never dare exalt the Scriptures above what they themselves declare; and as no spring can ever rise higher than its fountain, so likewise the Scriptures can only direct to the fountain from which they originated—the spirit of truth. * * Therefore, when the Scriptures have directed us to this light within, there they must stop: it is their ultimatum, the topstone of what they can do. And no *other* external testimony of men or books can do any more. * * There was never a real Christian made by any other power than this spirit of truth; and everything that can be done by man without it must fail to effect salvation.

4. Dost thou believe there is no accounting beyond the grave—no state of rewards and punishments after death?

Answer.—This charge, which I hear has been made against me, is altogether such a barefaced and palpable falsehood that I can hardly believe that any man could be ignorant and wicked enough to fabricate such a story, nor that any man that knew anything about me could give the least possible credit thereto. * * I fully believe that every man will reap the reward of "Well done," or receive the sentence, "Depart from me, I know you not."

6. What relation has the body of Jesus to the Savior of man? Dost thou believe that the crucifixion of the outward body of Jesus was an atonement for our sins?

Answer.—In reply to the first part of this query, I answer, I believe, in unison with our ancient Friends, that it [the body of Jesus] was the outward garment in which he performed all his mighty works; or, as Paul hath expressed it, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you?" Therefore, he charged them not to defile those temples. What is attributed to that body I acknowledge and give to that body in its place, according as the Scripture attributeth it, which is through and *because* of what dwelleth in it. But that which sanctified and kept the body pure and made all acceptable in him, was the life, holiness, and righteousness of the spirit. And the same thing that kept his vessel pure, it is the same thing that cleanseth us.

In reply to the second part of this query, I see no need of directing men to the type for the antitype, neither to the outward temple, nor yet to Jerusalem, neither to Jesus Christ or his blood outwardly, knowing that neither the righteousness of faith nor the word of it doth so direct. The new and second covenant is dedicated with the *blood, the life of Christ Jesus*, which is the alone atonement unto God, by which all his people are washed, sanctified, cleansed and redeemed unto God.

The esteemed Jonathan Plummer remarks: "While these replies seem to carry Elias Hicks further toward Orthodoxy than he is usually supposed to have gone, my impression is that a fair summary of his sermons on the divinity of Jesus, would be, that the flesh was flesh, subject to the laws of flesh, while the Christ of power was the enlivening spirit or Son of God, dwelling in regenerate hearts; and that the Christ dwelling in its fullness in Jesus made him the preëminent Son of God—enabled him to do the divine will, and the work needful to establish the new dis-

pensation, and leave it as a seed from which the earth is yet to be full of righteousness."

Now for a half dozen brief extracts—what may be termed the most "advanced" utterances of the Hicksite leader:

"In submission to the inward principle of life and light, every man would come to know God without applying to any but him."

"Every soul begotten unto God, and brought under the influence of his power can say, 'I and my Father are one.' It is one with him in all his calls and commands; and not because it has got any higher than a Son of God. It is not God."

"Jesus had the fullness of his Father's spirit; and we have also a portion of the same. And can we suppose that the Almighty, in the riches of his mercy, in the justice and equality of his nature, would not give us as great a fullness according to what he requires of us as he would give to any other being?"

"The Light is truly God in man; for, as he fills all things, he cannot be located in anything which is capable of being located. Now to suppose that all the fullness of God was in Christ, is to take him out of every other part of the world. But as certainly as he was in Christ, he is in all the sons of God."

"The only begotten is what the power of God begets in the soul, by the soul uniting with the visitations of divine love. Here is a birth of a son of God; and this must be begotten in every soul, as God can be manifested by nothing else."

"It might now be said, 'Woe unto thee, America! for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago.' For we have a day much higher than outward miracles could give. They were the weakest evidence that Almighty Goodness could ever have given. But this was a darling mercy of God unto the Israelites, to give them a dispensation suited to their low condition."

"What astonishing ignoranee to suppose that material blood, made of the dust of the earth, can be considered a satisfactory offering to a spiritual being that is all spirit and no flesh! The spirit by which he was actuated is that life and light which is the Savior of the soul. He derived his life and light from God his Father, and we derive a portion of the same, which is able to save the soul if properly obeyed. We shall thus feel him to be our elder brother. And I hope there are none here so ignorant as to suppose that they can be saved by his imputed righteousness."

"Jesus says, 'I am the way.' My friends, it was the work that was the way. The path that he trod is the same path of self-denial that we must tread. In that way his righteousness becomes ours; and this is the only righteousness that ever saved an individual in the world."

"Such a Savior as man wants cannot be one without him, but must be one *within*, in the very temple of the heart."

"Jesus was in all things obedient to his Father, and derived everything from the Father, even his existence, because there never was but one God, one Creator of the world and of the children of men."

"Let me tell you, my friends, as long as the professors of Christianity take the scriptures for their rule of faith and practice, they can never know what the true cross is, nor experience salvation by it. But when they come into the true Christian state, they will see that it is impossible for any written book to be the rule. Don't you suppose now

that Jesus Christ, the greatest teacher that ever was on earth, could have written better scripture than all that was ever written? He lived nearer the fountain than any other ever did. But he wrote nothing—and why? Because he saw how the people hurt themselves by what was written. His design was to bring them home—to that which is a portion of God in man."

"As your fathers did, so do you. 'You make void the law of God by your traditions.' O tradition! tradition! Traditional Christians will always be persecuting Christians. And how can it be otherwise, when they have a creed formed to which others must all bow? They will make him long enough if he be too short, and if he be too long, they will clip him and make him short enough, the moment he enters their creeds."

It must be confessed that Hicks's Diary affords evidence that his judgments of men were sometimes wanting in "the quality of mercy." * * "We had an appointed meeting at Columbia the next day, in which truth prevailed. Nevertheless, a hireling priest who attended the meeting, afterwards made some objection to the doctrine delivered, as it counteracted his traditional belief concerning the atonement, the carnal ordinances of baptism and the outward bread and wine, and preaching for hire, and the Scriptures being the only rule—the fallacy and inutility of which had been laid open and exposed. This roused his opposition; and indeed it is not to be wondered at, as it goes to overthrow their craft, by which they have their wealth."

Far more commonly we find exhibited a warm and tender regard for others, and a willingness to yield to every person the right of private judgment. In the sharp contests that arose near the close of his active ministry, and which resulted in the separation of the two branches of Friends, Hicks undoubtedly felt authorized to wield the sword of the spirit, and hence debate sometimes waxed warm. In the Pine-street meeting-house, Dec. 10th, 1826, he was confronted by Jonathan Evans, who rehearsed the Quaker belief in the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, "by whom all things were created." "Great efforts," said he, "are making to make the people believe that Jesus Christ was no more than a man; but we do not believe any such thing, or any thing which goes to inculcate such an idea." Isaac Lloyd, another elder of the same meeting, said: "I unite with Jonathan Evans." Elias Hicks said, "I have spoken, and I leave the people to judge." Then Willet Hicks, brother of Elias, hoped that this large assembly would "gather into quiet, which had been in some measure interrupted; as it was very visible that there was a great want of religious life." And he went on to enumerate "the fruits of the spirit," and to invite to paths of peace.

Two days afterward, at Key's Alley Meeting in the same city, a like antagonism was shown. Two women spoke in clear protest against the views that Elias Hicks's sermon had presented. The first pointed to Christ as the intercessor, declaring that there was no other intercessor between God and man. The second sister was heard for but one moment, so great was the confusion. Then Elias Hicks rose, and by words and motions succeeded in restoring a degree of composure. The only words heard were, "My dear friends, do keep still." After this, the woman's voice was heard: "It is only through Christ that we can have access to the Father." When she had resumed her seat, Elias Hicks said, "I desire it once for all, my dear friends, if you love me, that you will keep strictly to order." Then Othniel Alsop, an Orthodox Friend, was quietly listened to

for several minutes. But the tokens of disapprobation were at last swelled to such a degree of confusion that his closing sentence was lost to the reporter. Elias Hicks's rejoinder, which must have occupied ten minutes, was listened to in quiet.

If, as seems just in this case, we charge the Hicksites with being the unquiet party, yet at times great restlessness and not a little bitterness were manifest on the other side. In his journal of a day in Mount Pleasant, he writes: "When the time came for meeting, Friends gathered to the gate which led into the yard where the meeting-house stood, and found it guarded by a number of the opposite party, who refused to let us in; and Friends had to hold their meeting in the open air." And at another date: "Those called Orthodox had recourse to the law, and prosecuted a number of Friends, some for a pretended trespass, *for going into their own meeting-house*, and some as rioters."

At Flushing, Ohio, "those styled Orthodox made great opposition. Charles Osborn, an Orthodox minister, kneeled in supplication, I believe, more than an hour. Soon after he took his seat, he rose and began to preach, and continued more than an hour. However, when he sat down, I felt the necessity of addressing the people, which brought a precious solemnity over the meeting. When I sat down he tried to lay waste my communication, by asserting that I had not the unity of my friends at home. I informed the meeting that I had certificates with me to prove the incorrectness of his assertions, which I then produced; but he and his party would not stay to hear them, but in a disorderly manner arose and left the meeting, but the people generally staid and heard them read, to their general satisfaction."

Certain incidents showing the deep antipathy cherished towards Elias Hicks by Orthodox Friends have been furnished me by my neighbor Robt. Fell. I mention only one. Robert, when a lad, was riding near his Pennsylvania home, with a devoted member of the straiter sect of Friends, when Elias Hicks's carriage passed them. "There goes the devil before," was the pious outburst of Robert's adult companion. Yet Elias Hicks was a peacemaker, loved by his neighbors; and fervent memorials by monthly, quarterly and yearly meetings testified to his manly life and to his faithful and efficient exposition of what he deemed the truth.

Two months before his death he closed his journal with this line: "In this journey I traveled 1,500 miles"—strong testimony to the excellence of his constitution, for he was in his 82d year. Nor were his mental powers abated. Mr. Jesse W. Fell, who well remembers him, confirms the statement which I quote from a letter sent me by Jonathan Plummer, that "Elias Hicks was a fine man physically, mentally and spiritually." Both in countenance and manner he is said to have shown a rare union of gentleness and dignity, and all concede that his public communications were with power."

He will be remembered for his leadership in the discovery or uncovering of truth, and for his noble service in its defense. Let us recognize the fact that both the breadth and the permanence of his influence rest on his constant solicitude for the promotion of practical righteousness.

THOMAS METCALF.

If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent, with two or three facets to his mind, I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the background until after he had made a reputation for his more solid qualities.—O. W. Holmes.

DRIFTING.

We are drifting, we are drifting
 On the shifting sea of life:
 And above us clouds are lifting—dark and ominous clouds
 are lifting,
 Dim with turmoil and with strife.

Dim with turmoil—bright with blessing !
 Storm and sunshine intermixed !
 Ever, through earth's doubts distressing, heaven's persuasive
 lights are pressing,
 On the headland Ages fixed.

There are Voices, calling, calling ;
 And they beckon us away ;
 And amid the dim, appalling, fear-inspiring darkness falling,
 We can seem to see the Day !

JAMES H. WEST.

IN JESUS' HOME.

IV.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

As the river-banks color the river with reflected images, so our surroundings color our minds, and thus our talk, with imagery. Listen to a man talking earnestly, and in a few minutes you can tell, without asking, whether he is city-bred or country-bred.

Galilee was the garden-part of Palestine, and Nazareth was in the middle of the garden. The hill-sides around the town are still honey-combed with relics of the busy old-time farmers,—bell-shaped cisterns, wine-presses, olive-presses, storage-caves, all hewn in the solid rock; and the walled terraces can still be traced, which used to eke out the sunny slopes for grape culture, as on the Rhine to-day. The plain of Esdraelon, stretching east and west along the foot of the hill-range, was one great wheat and barley field. Sepphoris, the capital lay close by, and it was said, "For sixteen miles around Sepphoris there flows milk and honey." As for olives, "In Galilee men wade in oil." "It is easier to raise a forest of olive trees there than to raise one child in Judea." "Why are not the figs and grapes of Gennesareth to be found at Jerusalem during the Feasts?" it was asked; and the answer was, "So that no one may be tempted to come to the Feast, merely to enjoy those fruits!"

Now listen to Jesus: can you not see this Galilee lying in his talk, and would you not know he was a country-boy? In his stories ("parables") about the "kingdom of heaven" we can watch the wheat-fields the whole summer through. First, the ploughman, tired and hungry for his supper (Luke xvii. 7-10). Then the sower sowing broadcast, and the eager birds settling in flocks, and here and there a rock or thorn-bush in the field, and the foot-path crossing it (Matt. xiii. 3-23). Then the wheat growing, and the weeds ("tares") growing with it (Mark iv. 26-29; Matt. xiii. 24-30). At last the harvest ripening, and ripe, and too abundant for the reapers (John iv. 35; Matt. ix. 37). And the rich farmer plans bigger barns to hold the crop (Luke xii. 16-21).

Among the orchards we can see some of the fig-trees leafing, others with poor fruit, others barren with none (Matt. xxiv. 32; vii. 17-19; Luke xiii. 6-9). It seems a little strange to find no olive-trees in Jesus' stories,—or, do you find any? But look at all the vineyards! Perhaps he had earned his first "penny" picking grapes. See the hedge around each one,—of prickly pear, is it?—and the watchman's tower, and the wine-press hewn in the rock (Matt. xxi. 33). In one story a father is setting his two boys to work among the vines (Matt. xxi. 28-31); and in another a man is hiring laborers in the market-place, and we can hear them grumbling over their pay in the evening (Matt. xx. 1-16). Again, the owner lets his vineyard out on shares and goes off; and when his agents come to get his share at the vintage-season, the tenants stone them, and at last they kill his son (Matt. xxi. 33-41). Jesus' rich men seem to meet with trouble: he draws one picture of a drunken steward rioting and beating the servants in his master's absence, and another of a faithless steward settling at half-rates with the tenants (Luke xii. 42-48; xvi. 1-8.)

Now look at the stock. The well-to-do farmer is eager to try his new bargain—the ten oxen; and he has a calf or two fattening for a feast (Luke xiv. 19; xv. 23). Others, poorer, are seen leading their one ox or ass to water (Luke xiii. 15). Even the swine-herd can be seen feeding his droves with the husky pods that we call "St. John's bread;" but Jesus puts him "in a far country," for the Jews despised swine and their keepers (Luke xv. 11-30; Matt. viii. 30-32; iii. 4). But, oftener than all the other creatures, sheep come wandering through Jesus' talk. Now it is a stray lamb in the wilderness, now one that has fallen into a ditch, and now a whole flock that has somehow lost its shepherd (Matt. xviii. 12; xii. 11; ix. 36.) In one scene the shepherd is dividing the white sheep from the black goats in separate flocks (Matt. xxv. 31-33). In another we see the flocks gathered in a great fold, well walled about, with a man in charge of the place; a shepherd knocks at the gate and calls his own sheep by name; they know his voice, start up, and follow him out,—for flocks are led, not driven, in that country (John x. 1-5). Then we are in the bushy pasture, and the wolves are coming: one shepherd, the owner, stands his ground to save the flock,—the other, a hireling, runs away to save himself, while the sheep scatter in terror (John x. 11-16).

Country-scenes, all these. And besides these, in other glimpses, we see the "lilies of the field," the thistles and thorns, the reeds waving in the wind; the tall mustard-bushes; and birds circling overhead, birds flying to their nests, and young birds fallen from the nest, and a hen gathering her chickens under her wings, and vultures at a carcass, and a fox slipping into his hole. Suppose that you go bird-nesting and flower-hunting for yourselves among the Gospels, to find these spots, without the chapter and verse to tell you where they are. And as you look, notice if, on the other hand, you find many glimpses of *city-life* in Jesus' talk.

And then judge: (1) Had he been city-boy or country-boy,—the man who talked in this way to people?

(2) Should you not say that this boy had bright eyes, and knew, what not all know, how to see with them? And that behind the eyes, he had a poet's heart?

(3) Or a tender heart at any rate, if you are not quite sure what the other is? I wonder if this boy, so tender over lambs and birds, found it fun to snare the birds and go a-fishing: what do you think?

*A Hymn written for the Graduating Class of Meadville Theological School, June 12, 1884.

(4) And one thing more: this field-talk of Jesus makes one think that he was a sincere, straight-forward boy, too *real* to show off or make-believe. "Why?" Because, when grown up, he made such simple words and common pictures do to say great things. The habit of using simple words gives a hint of ingrained truthfulness; while swelling slang-words in a boy's talk, and the stretched and painted words in a girl's talk, smack of untruthfulness. Remember what Jesus himself said about swelling words (Matt. v. 33-37.) Besides, short and simple words, especially if picture-words, are really the strongest, after all, either to carry meaning, or to last. We are told that "the common people heard Jesus gladly." And how long his words have lasted!

W. C. G.

"COME OVER INTO MACEDONIA AND HELP US."*

TUNE—"MISSIONARY CHANT."

We come, we come, the call we hear,
The Macedonian cry rings clear,
The cry for helpers in the strife,
For purer faith and nobler life.

School of the prophets, fare thee well;
Our love of thee tongue cannot tell;
Dear to our hearts will ever be
The sacred years we've spent with thee.

Here love of truth our souls has fired,
Here love of right our hearts inspired,
And now we hear the call divine
To let the light within us shine.

Father! as helpers of our race
Our waiting hearts implore thy grace,
That we, in Christ, may live to prove
The triumphs of redeeming love.

—W. P. Tilden.

AN UNITARIAN CREED.*

1. We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, source and substance of all created things, in Jesus Christ as our teacher, and "the Spirit of Truth" as the guide of our lives.

2. We believe in human freedom and the moral responsibility of mankind, and in sin as the violation of one's conviction of duty and right.

3. We believe that in the rational nature of mankind we have the image of God, and we have salvation in the true moral life.

4. We believe in progress as the way, truth as the means, and human aid as the agency, and complete life as the destiny of mankind, and in revelation as the measure of human knowledge and life; "we believe as deep as we live."

5. We believe in the Old Testament as the record of the religion of the ancient Jews, and in the New Testament as the earliest history of Christianity, and the inspi-

ration of the Bible as "the inspiration of its great men," of its poets and prophets.

6. We believe that Jesus of Nazareth was in all respects a human being, that his love of man was divine in its quality; that in his obedience to his conscience under persecution and his loyalty to truth even unto a martyr death we have the highest type of the spiritual hero, and in his example we have a moral power drawing all unto him, and saving those who accept his teaching in his spirit of sincerity and humility.

7. We believe that among all nations, and always and everywhere, the righteous are saved, and that if the wicked turn from their evil ways and do that which is lawful and right, by a sincere repentance, they also are saved, and in this respect there is no distinction between a Heathen, a Jew, and a Christian.

8. We believe that the evidence of a good person is his good life and his obedience to the truth which he knows, and that a good life is the result of good teaching and the effort which one makes to do right, and our hope of continuing in a righteous life is founded in the sincerity of our motives and the truthfulness of our purpose.

9. We believe that Jesus Christ saw it to be his mission to become a martyr to the truth which he taught—truth calculated to make men righteous and produce peace in the world, and that all persons are responsible through their own conscience and reason to God for their belief and their conduct, and the noble and true men and women of the world are the true priesthood.

10. We believe in a church for worship, charity, fellowship, teaching, freedom and the culture of a true character, and every church is free to choose and ordain its own minister and should not be burdened by a priesthood.

11. We believe in three Sacraments which a church may recognize:

I. In the dedication of children as a sign of our thanksgiving and purpose in regard to them.

II. Marriage as the basis of social prosperity.

III. In the funeral service as the token of honor and respect. We also believe in religious fellowship without the eating of bread or the drinking of wine, and in devoting the Sunday to the best service of mankind in the freedom of their individual conscience.

12. We believe in the ultimate triumph of truth over error, of right over wrong, and in the reign of justice in the world as the result of man's intellectual and moral enlightenment, and we hope for eternal life beyond the grave, when the last enemy of man will be overcome.

We can all see that we cannot express our personal beliefs in the formula of any Christian creed yet written, and when we attempt to write our own creed we always add this article: "This creed is good only for this day, or till the author has something to add to or take from it."

13. And we also add the following article: "We believe that the attempt to enforce a religious creed upon the conscience of any person, on the basis of Divine authority in the Bible, in the church, or in a priesthood, is an infringement of the rights of the mind and a moral outrage."

This brings us to the end of creeds.—S. S. Hunting.

Moods vary as the days. But, strong or weak,

Or truth seem in my grasp to be,

Or blackest midnight compass me,

One thing I do: I will forever seek.

—Walter C. Bronson in *Christian Register*.

* Our friend Hunting of Des Moines, Iowa, was moved to try his hand at creed making by the recent Congregational attempt, with considerable success. We commend it to our readers with the valuable saving clause "good only for this day, or till the author has something to add to or take from it."—Ed.

THE NEW TRANSFIGURATION OF FAITH.

Just now there is a transfiguration of faith, a new theology, a reaching up of the thoughts of men, like sentinel peaks on the horizon, into the light of coming days.

The first of these we designate as the identification of reason and revelation. There has been a more or less extended conflict in theology between the two, and at some periods and in some creeds, revelation has been brought in as an independent force, to push back and bear down reason. So pervasive has this sense of conflict been, that rationalism and religion, so-called, have pitched two opposed camps. The new theology is coming to see that this is a profound mistake, and that reason and revelation culminate at one point; are gathered up in the same clear and serene light. To make this assertion evident, we must rightly understand what is meant by reason. Reason stands for all our powers of knowledge in their full, harmonious, successful action. A true Christian experience begins in knowledge and ends in knowledge; begins in reason and ends in reason. The highest thing that God can do for us is to bring us into a knowledge of himself.

A second identification in this new spiritual movement is that of morality and religion. These two, closely as they are allied in fact, have failed to coalesce in men's thoughts. The religionist has sometimes felt toward the moralist, and spoken of him, as if he were an enemy; and the moralist has sometimes reserved his sharpest censures for the religionist. Each has found justification for his narrowness in the narrow and perverted views of the other, and the two have torn asunder in the struggle the seamless garment of Christ. The two commandments of love toward God and love toward man are not more identical in spirit and power on the lips of Christ than are morality and religion in personal and social life. The two, morality and religion, are slightly diverse aspects of one thing, to-wit: A spirit whole within itself, obedient under the facts which encircle it, and made devout by a reverent insight into their entire scope. It is because of this identification of morality and religion as blended phases of one spiritual life that the new theology is disinclined to any view of the atonement which either separates it in method from morality, or makes it, in any of its aspects, an escape rather than a cure under the moral law.

The new theology also identifies the government of God and history. It unites the past, the present and the future. One law, one method, one movement are in them all. Men have understood things in a very partial and fragmentary way. Men have thought truth to be a thing by itself, and to belong to science; virtue a thing by itself, and to belong to religion; beauty a thing by itself, and to belong to art. And when the joint estate has been thus divided, neither science, nor religion, nor art has known how to hold its own without strife with its neighbor. Knowledge, truth, science, give us the framework of thought which sustains the world, the ideas that are regnant in it; and there can be no spiritual government except under and by these constructive laws. Morality, virtue, religion, give us the law of conduct, but they give it in reference to the whole circle of conditions under which man is found. Perfection, beauty, art, give us, in one direction or another, the incipient fulfillment of the divine idea. Beauty, if we use the word broadly enough, is the fulfillment of science and religion. This identification of the divine government with history, with the grand sweep of events as they flow on, like a great river pressing oceanward, affects strongly the doctrine of a future life.

That life becomes the continuation and fulfilment of this life. The controlling ideas are the same, the movement is identical, with only those modifications which growth in its progressive changes necessarily puts upon itself.

The last identification of which we speak is that of the natural and supernatural. These identifications are not absolute; they are not the loss of one element in another, but the inseparable union of two elements in one product. The supernatural becomes to the new theology the very soul of the natural, and the natural is regarded as the constant oppression of the supernatural. The natural without the supernatural is the letter that killeth; the supernatural without the natural is the intoxication of faith. Moving a step higher, the new theology affirms that nature, in every form of its manifestation, is the expression of a divine reason that pushes it forward to its present achievements, and in an orderly way is carrying it beyond them.—*From the Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. John Bascom, President of the Wisconsin State University.*

IMPERFECTIONS.

I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the metre!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found,
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth shall we find the best,
But it waits for us in the land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
Till we pass the portal of shining gold.

—James Clarence Harney.

HOW TO TAKE HOLD.

If we look, we shall find the handle of vantage much nearer to us than we have supposed. The mission fields of the world are thought to lie at great distances, but it is a mistake. They are often in our office, our kitchen, by our fireside, in our hearts and consciences. There is no cottage room so private that it has not infinite relations with things far and wide. The first Sunday-school was a few ragged children gathered in out of the street, and taught to read. If your gift is small, take hold right there. Big things grow: they are not made. It is the bane of many lives that they wish to branch before they have budded. Every little community, every hamlet, every home, has its opportunities, where the wedge can enter or the seed be dropped. A better social tone can be introduced into a neighborhood by one person who takes hold in the right way. Sometimes it is by pulling down, sometimes it is by building up, sometimes by weeding and watering. Defects, infirmities, limitations, often furnish a means of taking hold, because God so often turns the weakness of man to his praise. Nothing ever goes so far as a loving or a true word, nothing ever vibrates so long as a true deed. Saints are as much needed as they

ever were. They can come out of kitchens and factories and workshops. There is no point so low that a true soul standing upon it may not reach up to the whole of human consciousness, and what has been suffered and wept over in the contrite spirit may tingle as new life through the moral fibre of mankind.—*The Christian Register*.

The Unity Club.

THE GREAT NOVELS.

We redeem our partial promise in the last issue by printing here a number of extracts from letters giving lists of ten great novels, in answer to the circular letter heretofore mentioned. We refrain from further comment at this time, that we may have space for as many as possible of the suggestive letters.

Prof. William F. Allen, University of Wisconsin, Madison: I should have sent my list sooner, but found it difficult to decide upon the two last. I debated the claims of the Scarlet Letter, John Inglesant, Geoffrey Hamlin, etc. Guy Mannering, David Copperfield, The Newcomes, Alec Forbes, A Princess of Thule, Lorna Doone, Amyas Leigh, Adam Bede, The Cloister and the Hearth, The Grandissimes.

Rev. George Batchelor, Chicago: Ivanhoe, Talisman, Romola, Adam Bede, David Copperfield, Pickwick, Les Miserables, The Newcomes.

Susie B. Beals, St. Paul: It has been hard work to keep to ten, but I send them, not in order as to my liking, but somewhat as regards time in which they were written, and, as you said, for young people. Ivanhoe, Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Caxtons, The Newcomes, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Tale of Two Cities, Les Miserables (translated by Chas. E. Wilbur), Middlemarch, Romola, Daniel Deronda.

Mrs. J. G. Boyesen, Chicago: I have been exceedingly dilatory about responding to your request, but hoping that it is not too late to answer your purpose, I herein enclose my list of ten novels. These have been chosen not so much for their literary merit as for their *moral bearings*. To me a novel must portray real character and real social, political or domestic problems to be interesting; it must deal with characters,—their growth and susceptibilities. That hand which can most skillfully direct the nerves of the mind and show most forcibly the unconscious play and influence of environment upon our mental growth,—that hand is to me the greatest, and I need hardly say that in this particular George Eliot stands (in my mind, at least,) peerless. The character of Tito Melema in "Romola" is to me a never-ending study. The key of the book is found in the one sentence, "*We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the re-iterated choice of good or evil that gradually develops character.*" Therein, it seems to me, lies the key of our own moral growth. There are several works, such as "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" (Mrs. Whitney), "Hedged In" (Mrs. Phelps), and "Old Fashioned Girl" (L. Alcott), that I consider healthful and morally stimulating for young people to read; but they cannot, strictly speaking, be called novels, I suppose. Let me call your attention to the last work in my list. It is very simple and pure, but I am told it is an excellent portrayal of Norse peasant life. Romola, Middlemarch, Vanity Fair, Newcomes, On the Heights, A Princess of Thule, The Guardian Angel, A Modern Instance, Avis, Synnove Solbaken (translated by Anderson, I think).

Mrs. E. L. Browne, Hyde Park, Ill.: How could you be so cruel as to ask only ten of my friends for admission to your Unity Club (if not black-balled), while the rest have to be left to the obscurity of the book-shelves? It is heart-breaking! I have not been quite true to myself in this list, as not all of George Eliot's novels are down. Romola, Adam Bede, Corinne, On the Heights, The Scarlet Letter, Henry Esmond, John Inglesant, Consuelo, Les Miserables.

James Colegrove, Chicago: Les Miserables, Adam Bede,

Middlemarch, Jane Eyre, Romola, Henry Esmond, Daniel Deronda, Uncle Tom, Mill on the Floss, David Copperfield. A good novel, and for some young people as good as any of the above, though not a powerful one, is "An Old Story of My Farming Days," by Fritz Reuter, one I would in every way recommend to be read.

Mrs. Susie D. Follansbee, Chicago: This list comprises my individual preferences, so far as I am able to determine. For me these novels are the *great* ones, but I would like to say that there are some among them that I should not think it wise to give to the average young person. Wilhelm Meister, Les Miserables, On the Heights, Romola, Felix Holt, Vanity Fair, Bleak House, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, Cecil Dreeme.

W. E. Furness, Esq., Chicago: Old Mortality, Henry Esmond, Westward Ho, Sir Charles Grandison, A Tale of Two Cities, Felix Holt, The Scarlet Letter, The Last Days of Pompeii, The Cloister and the Hearth, Mansfield Park.

Samuel S. Greeley, Esq., Chicago: Consuelo, Romola, The Virginians, Tale of Two Cities, Le Juif Errant, The Newcomes, Wilhelm Meister, Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces, Alton Locke, Margaret.

Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold, Columbus, Wis.: I don't read novels much of late, but send a list of those I enjoyed most when I read them, many of them a great many years ago. Should have liked to put in all the rest of George Eliot and the most of Dickens and Thackeray. Scott was never a favorite with me. Romola, Adam Bede, Middlemarch, David Copperfield, Bleak House, Tale of Two Cities, Vanity Fair, Ivanhoe, Les Miserables, Wilhelm Meister.

Miss Grace Howe, Kenosha, Wis.: I send you the following list of novels, not because I think them the best in every case, but the best for such a purpose. If I were to choose the best I should take three or four of Thackeray's and certainly three of Dickens' as the best novels I ever read; but for such a list as you want, more variety is desirable. I know but little of any literature but our own. I think to this list should be added one of George Sand's, but as I never read one I cannot tell. Henry Esmond, The Virginians, David Copperfield, Adam Bede, The Minister's Wooing, The Scarlet Letter, Guy Mannering, Villette, Wilhelm Meister, Les Miserables.

Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard, Chicago: I do not like to say of any list I might make that they are the best novels in the world's literature. That would require a far wider and more studious reading of fiction than I have done. My favorites among novels in the English tongue are as follows: Jane Eyre, John Halifax, Gentleman, Vanity Fair, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, Adam Bede, Ivanhoe, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe. These are not set down in the order of preference, but rather as they occur to me. I hesitated much over the last two, for the choice is difficult.

J. Ll. Jones, Chicago: Adam Bede, Romola, Les Miserables, Wilhelm Meister, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Bleak House, Henry Esmond, On the Heights, The Scarlet Letter, Don Quixote.

Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones, Chicago: Ivanhoe, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Adam Bede, On the Heights, Hypatia, Robert Falconer, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, North and South, A Life for a Life.

Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis: The justice and worth of any one's decision depends upon many conditions, of course; but in case of any one who deserves to be consulted as to the *best ten novels*, I think he ought to accompany his choice with a statement of the novels *he hasn't read*. I will send ten, and I will send other ten, a list in print, in which selection (made up in this city) I did my fractional part. See Public School Library Bulletin. But in spite of your saying "only ten" I will name a few that I haven't read, as possibly the reason why they could and should not appear in the requested list. I haven't read Consuelo, Adam Bede, Pendennis, Tale of Two Cities, Quentin Durward, My Novel, Dr. Antonio, Scarlet Letter, Count of Monte Christo, Wandering Jew. A list which I suspect is nearly as good, in some instances better, than the one I send on the next page. The Newcomes, Romola, Mill on the Floss, Kenilworth, Les Miserables, On the Heights, Jane Eyre, Marble Faun, David Copperfield, Charles Auchester.

Lily A. Long, St. Paul, Minn.: Ivanhoe, Waverly, Talisman,

Pendennis, The Newcomes, Our Mutual Friend, Oliver Twist, Robert Falconer, Romola, The Marble Faun.

Mrs. A. B. McMahan, Quincy, Ill.: Mill on the Floss, Romola, Jane Eyre, The Newcomes, The Marble Faun, The Scarlet Letter, Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield, Les Misérables, Ivanhoe.

Emma E. Marean, Chicago: Romola, Henry Esmond, Tale of Two Cities, On the Heights, Les Misérables, Consuelo, Ivanhoe, The Scarlet Letter, Hypatia, Robert Falconer.

Rev. Mary A. Safford, Humboldt, Iowa: Les Misérables, Ivanhoe, Robert Falconer, Bleak House, Jane Eyre, On the Heights, Marble Faun, Adam Bede, The Scarlet Letter, Middle-march.

Mrs. Helen S. Shedd, Chicago: Romola, Les Misérables, Wilhelm Meister, The Scarlet Letter, Henry Esmond, Hypatia, Liza (Turgenieff), Villa on the Rhine (Auerbach), Titan (Richter), Egyptian Princess (Ebers).

H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis: Don't ask me about "novels" or "philosophy," for I don't know a thing about either. Take this bit however: A lady in Kenosha the other day told me of asking a cultivated German what was the best novel in his own literature, and he answered without the least hesitation, "Ekkehard." She was reading it with much delight. Her copy was in German, but I suppose it must be translated, and that is all I know about it.

Mrs. Fayette Smith, Cincinnati: Pendennis, Romola, On the Heights, David Copperfield, Ivanhoe, Pride and Prejudice, Jane Eyre, The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Les Misérables.

Rev. C. J. Staples, Reading, Mass.: My novel reading is not extensive and I can only speak of those I have read. But the great novels are not always the noblest, are they? for noble has something of a moral element in it, and a novel may lie in the first rank artistically and yet have small uplifting power. The best novel as novel is that which tells its story best, though that story be none of the sweetest and pleasantest. Such as my list is you may have it with pleasure. These are ten very great novels to my mind: The Marble Faun, Adam Bede, The Scarlet Letter, Ivanhoe, Silas Marner, Jane Eyre, The Vicar of Wakefield, Henry Esmond, Cecil Dreeme, Old Curiosity Shop. Were I to distinguish those that produced most impression on me personally I should substitute Romola for Adam Bede, omit Ivanhoe and the Vicar of Wakefield, to put in their place Robert Falconer and John Halifax and substitute The Newcomes for Henry Esmond and David Copperfield for Old Curiosity Shop. Still I think it can be said of the first list that one cannot grow tired of re-reading them.

J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich.: You ask me to make out a list of what I conceive to be the ten greatest novels of the world. This is harder to do than it otherwise would be, because you do not indicate by what standard you would have them measured—that of their literary merits, that of their moral purpose, that of their fame, or that of their influence. In making out my list I am guided somewhat by all four standards, the superiority of some of the novels named being of one kind and that of others of other kinds. The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Adam Bede, Pendennis, Pickwick Papers, Ivanhoe, Robert Falconer, Don Quixote, Wilhelm Meister, Corinne.

Harriet S. Tolman, Osterville, Mass.: Your note followed me to this address of my summer home and has led to an interesting discussion with some of my friends. They agree with me that your question is not easily answered. It is hard to sift the number of valuable novels to just ten, and sometimes sacrifices have to be made because of a want in a high degree for one or the other of the two qualifications which are necessary to full greatness—artistic excellence, and the power of exciting noble aspirations or conceptions of life. I should like to send you a list of "second choices"—this seems so cruelly exclusive—but forbear, according to directions. I trust that the results of your correspondence, in some condensed table, may appear in *UNITY*. I am sure it would interest many readers. Perhaps I ought to add that my list has been modified by the opinions of the friends with whom I talked. Adam Bede, Romola, The Newcomes, Henry Esmond, Les Misérables, John Halifax, The Scarlet Letter, David Copperfield, Villette, Ivanhoe. If authors are not to be repeated, omit Romola and Henry Esmond and insert Consuelo and On the Heights.

Mrs. Alice L. Williams, Chicago: Ivanhoe, The Caxtons (Bulwer), Wilhelm Meister, Mill on the Floss, Silas Marner, Jane Eyre, Our Mutual Friend, Vanity Fair, The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, Chicago: I submit, in accordance with your request, the following list of novels, comprising what seem to me the "greatest" works of their kind. I have avoided, in the preparation of this list, mentioning more than one work of a single author. It is a question whether, if I had done otherwise, one or two more of George Eliot's might not replace those of Scott and Dickens. Wilhelm Meister, On the Heights, Les Misérables, Consuelo, Adam Bede, Jane Eyre, Ivanhoe, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The programme has been arranged for the second series of lectures to young people at the Old South Meeting House in Boston. The lectures are delivered on Wednesday afternoon of each week from July 30 to Sept. 17. The subjects are taken from early American history, and are chiefly biographical. Among the speakers are Charles Carleton Coffin, Col. T. W. Higginson, Prof. James K. Hosmer of St. Louis, Mr. Barrows of the *Register*, and Mr. Slack of the *Commonwealth*.

In our last issue the types made one of the titles in Mr. Edwin D. Mead's list of books read *Soll und Hagen* whereas it should have read *Soll und Haben*. The same work of Freytag is referred to in Miss Crocker's list under the English translation of the title: *Debit and Credit*.

Reports from the various Unity Clubs of their plans of work for the coming season will soon be in order.

Conferences.

THE KOSHKONONG GROVE MEETING.

DEAR UNITY—Wisconsin has been in conference, and possibly some of your readers who were unable to join with her, may be glad to know something of what was said and done on a most happy occasion. The time—July 8th and 9th; the place—the pre-historic shores of Lake Koshkonong. They convened in the midst of the most noted of the most ancient mounds of Wisconsin. The meeting was opened Tuesday afternoon by Rev. J. L. Jones, in his own earnest, tender manner, which touched us so nearly and so deeply, that we feared to have the silence broken. There is a silence that is oppressive, and a silence that is impressive. In the one case you wish for some sound to break the awful stillness, in the other it seems as though any word would mar the peaceful quiet.

"Fit language there is none
For the heart's deepest things.

* * * * *
For when the soul is fullest the hushed tongue
Voicelessly trembles like a lute unstrung."

At such times we rebel more than ever against the insinuation that there is a lack of devotional spirit in our Unitarian meetings. Mr. Jones was followed by Rev. G. E. Gordon, who made an earnest plea for sincerity. "Forgetting the despicable things behind let us press onward to our high calling. Three things we may remember to do: (1) to speak truth to our neighbor fearlessly and yet with sympathy for honest error. (2) To discountenance every

attempt to make new martyrs, or to mar the memories of those whom our fathers slew. (3) To hail with a joyous greeting the bringers of new light from whatever quarter they may come." The interval between Mr. Gordon's paper and the evening session was given to enjoyment of the time and place. There were no separations, no good-byes to be spoken. We were one family in one home, and music and laughter mingled with the steady dip of the oar as each sought recreation after his own fashion.

The evening session was introduced by Prof. Wm. F. Allen, President of the Conference, with a paper on "The Growth of Unitarianism in the West." In the discussion following, it was decided that however cheerful a view we may take of the situation, Wisconsin can scarcely be called the banner State. She needs a bishop, and after the Madison church is built it shall be our duty to do some constructive work in the State. Wake up the sleeping societies—profit by the signs of the times and hold an *annual* grove meeting. Madison is identified with Congregational proclivities, other points raise the standard of their denominations, let "Koshkonong Place" become a fixture for Unitarians. The talk was informal and very hopeful and led to a resolution that a Conference be held at "Koshkonong Place," in the next July "full of the moon." That it be given more time. That it be partly devoted to class instruction. That it include a preaching day (Sunday) and that it include in its territory the Chicago district. Some one wittily observed that it would be well to bespeak a *dry full moon*. Ways and means for raising money to defray expenses were discussed, and delegates were elected to the Saratoga Conference.

The morning meeting was opened by Rev. H. Tambs Lyche of Janesville, a late graduate from Meadville. He spoke with the fervor and eloquence of a high souled young manhood.

The remaining exercises were led by Rev. J. Vila Blake, who took for his subject Theodore Parker's sermon on "Beauty in the World of Matter," and by Mr. Jones, who gave us a sermon on "Tenderness," pleading for the tenderness that makes us brave and helpful. The stalwart tenderness that makes manly men and womanly women. The unselfish tenderness that opens our hearts and homes. Our homes lose their helpful qualities if their doors do not swing out. Throughout the meeting the discussion of topics was free and hearty, but quiet and earnest. The discussion following Mr. Jones' paper closed a meeting all too short, but by that very quality "barred against satiety."

Miss Mary Godden of the Meadville Theological School, W. D. Hoard, Rev. Mr. Hilton of the Universalist church at Fort Atkinson, and the Congregationalist minister of the same place made interesting contributions to the meeting. Between thirty and forty delegates were present at the meeting, representing the societies at Milwaukee, Madison, Janesville, Cooksville, Chicago and elsewhere.

Much of our comfort and happiness was due to the fore-thought of Mr. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon. He is a prince of hosts. They were seconded by a corps of assistants under the direction of Mrs. Vanderburgh, lady of the house. There was only one regret, we missed so many faces—it was so good to be there we wanted to share our pleasure with them, but tearful skies and other causes defrauded us on both sides.

Dear *UNITY*, this report has reached an unpardonable length, and the better part is still unrecorded. Only those who read between the lines will interpret the unwritten

words. But a little more space we crave to briefly mention the services held in All Souls Church, Janesville the next evening (Thursday). The ordination and installation of Rev. H. T. Lyche followed the Conference so closely that it seems a part of it. Mr. Blake preached the sermon, which was helpful and inspiring, and received high praise. Mr. Gordon gave the charge to the people, and Mr. Jones the right hand of fellowship. It was an indescribably touching scene, and those who know the tender relations existing between Mr. Jones and his old parish will appreciate it. Nearly four years All Souls church has been waiting for the right man to fill his place, but if it has been slow it has been exceedingly sure, and whatever bereavements it has had to bear, whatever may be in store for it, the church has that in memory which will be a lasting joy that the world can neither give nor take away.

FRANCES B. COOK,
Assistant Secretary.

Correspondence.

OUR PRESIDING ELDER AT ALTON.

At the end of a half day's journey by rail, I set foot upon the platform of the depot at Alton and clasped the friendly hand of Judson Fisher—our faithful watchman upon the walls at that post of duty. Together we climbed the hill upon which the parsonage stands, close beside the solidly built stone church, where for some six years or more our earnest, methodical, hard-working Brother Fisher has kept the flag of the liberal faith flying.

The chatter of the English sparrows banished sleep from drowsy eye-lids very early on the morning following and ushered in the day of rest. How wide and grand was the view from the door-step of the parsonage! There lay the old Mississippi, the green islands midway between the Illinois and Missouri shores, the picturesque little city straggling up and down the river, and the curling mists of the morning hurrying away before the rising sun. The water, the trees, the stillness of that Sunday morning were restful and sweet, and gave to memory a beautiful picture.

After a visit to the Sunday School, the minister stood before the people to deliver his message, and what more natural to his lips before the sermon than "Sunday on the Hill-top," which so reverently lifts us away

"To the peace that passeth knowing,
And the light that is not of day."

Following the sermon came a statement of the new missionary movement inaugurated by the Illinois Liberal Fraternity, of the attempt to bring the fifteen churches of this State into closer bonds of sympathy and into a heartier determination to propagate the "glad tidings of heresy," with such energy and enthusiasm as the cause demands. An informal meeting at the parsonage in the evening brought out a warm response to the words of the morning. "Yes! we want to know our fellow-workers." "We would like the next Conference of the Fraternity to meet with us here!" "We have had a lonely struggle, and the sense of companionship with fifteen fellow-strugglers will give us strength." "We believe in Presiding Elders!"

Indeed, the sentiment was strikingly in accord with that which was recently voiced in Massachusetts in the report of

the Missionary Committee, which recommended the appointment of a Missionary for the State who should have something of the character of a Bishop. Perhaps in these wide western spaces the need is still more strongly felt of one whose business it shall be to keep our scattered churches from utter isolation and be a connecting tie between them and their brethren, through whom they may catch the pulse-beat of denominational life. It was touching to feel the hunger and thirst of that little company for fellowship, and suggestive, (was it not?) as to the line along which our growth is to come.

"Touch elbows" is a favorite injunction of our brave brother at the Chicago Headquarters. And it comes to me with peculiar emphasis in the light of the experiences of the last seven months. We need to feel the magnetism of a common interest in a grand cause, the assurance of strength and coöperation, the confidence and courage which are born of thought and soul contact.

I wish we might multiply the times and seasons of our meeting together, that we might keep alive our own courage and earnestness and show to the world that real and determined front which wins the day at last, that faith in the word of God spoken in the heart of man to-day which uplifts and regenerates.

J. R. EFFINGER.

Bloomington, July 11, 1884.

The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing the Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

AN OPEN LETTER.*

In this pamphlet the author, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, gives a comprehensive view of the present political situation, and a number of cogent reasons why Independent Republicans should vote for Mr. Blaine. Our space does not admit of our giving an outline of Mr. Mead's argument, so we content ourselves with quoting a few of his characteristic sentences, and urging every Independent among our readers—and we think this includes nearly or quite all of them—to give a careful perusal to the pamphlet itself.

Of Mr. Blaine's ability our author says: "His clear intellectual superiority to all his rivals in the Convention has been a distinct and potent element in the canvass. Rightly or wrongly, most men believe in brains, and the prospect of brains at the head of the government once more is rather refreshing to some who are sick and weary of the mediocrity which rules at Washington."

"That feeling of vague disaffection which wants to put the Democratic party into power 'to see what it will do,' as Massachusetts did with Butler two years ago, is an irrational and dangerous feeling."

"The American people is but slightly concerned with the 'vindication' of Mr. Blaine for Mr. Blaine's sake; it has much more important interests to deal with than the private fortune of any man. But it is of great concern that it vindicate its own intelligence and political character, its sagacity, breadth and steadfastness, its magnanimity and manliness."

A good guide-book is an invaluable companion, pointing out to the summer-traveler countless objects of interest, and adding full half to the pleasure of his journey. It is worth noticing, then, that Osgood's famous New-England Guide-book has just been very thoroughly revised and largely augmented, at a great cost, and is now republished in an *eighth edition*, with 20 maps, and 480 pages of descriptions of the mountains and lakes, island and coasts, cities and villages of venerable New-England, with their charming legends and traditions and historic events. To these are added all the practical details useful to travelers—the best hotels and their rates, distances, time of trains running, fares, etc., so that this book is indispensable to all summer-travelers in this delightful region. The *New York Evening Post* says:

Osgood's Handbook to New-England bids fair in New-England to rival the fame of Murray and Bädeker abroad. It merits the words as well as the liberal patronage it receives, for it is a good faithful, painstaking piece of work, and condenses into brief compass a vast amount of information, which all tourists to the sea-side, mountain and country summer-resorts of New-England will gladly possess.

Sent, on receipt of the price, (\$1.50), by the publishers, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

UNITY has said many severe things about "Sunday School library" novels, and it does not mean to take back its utterances. But we will say that in the case of "Kitty Kent's Troubles"** they do not apply. This story is thoroughly healthy in its tone as well as bright and entertaining. Kitty, the heroine, is a generous, sympathetic girl, quite free from that morbid tendency to introspection which we fully expected to find. The other characters are well drawn, with one or two exceptions where there is rather too broad an attempt at typifying a class.

One passage in the story is particularly interesting. Kitty is relating her experience with a domestic:

"I tried teaching her to read. I did teach her to say the ten commandments, and I explained the sixth [sic] to her at great length. She was the most penitent creature that ever wept then, etc."

Inasmuch as the girl had never exhibited homicidal tendencies (her only recorded fault being a leaning toward kleptomania) it is hard to see why she was so deeply moved by an explanation of the sixth commandment.

Literary Life of this city begins its second volume with the August number. It is a beautifully printed magazine, the principal feature of which is its sparkling paragraphs on authors and authorship.

It is announced that Froude's biography of Carlyle will be issued this fall in two large volumes.

Received since our last issue:

STRAY LEAVES FROM STRANGE LITERATURE. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. 1884. 12mo, pp. 225. \$1.50.

APPLICATION of the Principles of Psychology to the Work of Teaching. By W. N. Hailmann, A. M. Boston: Willard Small. 1884. Cloth. 16mo, pp. 43.

*THE CASE OF MR. BLAINE. An Open Letter to the *Boston Advertiser*. By An Independent. Boston: J. S. Cushing & Co. 1884. Paper, 25 cents.

**KITTY KENT'S TROUBLES. By Julia A. Eastman. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1884. Paper. 25 cents.

Little Unity.

RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES.

The only sure way for children to grow up with a sense of justice in the rights and possession of property, is for them to *have*, to a reasonable, and only to a reasonable degree—that is, a proportionate one quite within their comprehension—some property of their own. They should have possessions both in the way of money and things. Theirs should be the undisputed control over them, subject only to advice, and they must learn to meet intelligently the obligations, temptations and privileges which fall to owners of property. If they do not have this experience in a small way while they are young, how can they be expected to meet those obligations and temptations, or appreciate those privileges that come as they grow older. They are shut out from a world of “give and take” that is the best possible school for forming habits of rectitude and honor. Where there is no possession, there can be neither obligation nor privilege. There is small cause for wonder that children whose rights have not been respected in this way, should acquire envious, grasping and dishonest ways. It is, instead, a wonder that there is not more of it than there is, when we remember how little wholesome respect is paid to children simply and fairly as individual members of a family. They are either regarded as “only the children” and set aside with the feeling that it is good for them not to have much notice taken of their wants; or else, as being “the children” they have had that thoughtlessly kind treatment which considers them only to be made happy, and as having no obligations, so they are loaded with attentions and gifts to the utter confusion of the child’s sense of justice. The grasping, envious habits just mentioned, can generally, wherever found, be traced back to one or the other of these extremes in treatment.

FLORA OF THE LOWLAND.

TREASURES OF THE LAKE SHORE.

It was a still and cloudy afternoon in July. A walk of two miles brought us to the edge of Flax Pond, which is scarcely a mile in a direct line from the sea-coast. Our friends were paddling about in a boat, near shore, awaiting us. The recent rains had filled the pond and all the creeks and rills around it, to unusual depth. One of the gentlemen had explored the shores and the waters, and knew just where the swampy “tussocks,” gemmed with spikes of yellow Lysimachia, could be avoided, and how and where we could most safely row over a submerged stone wall. Among and over the floating leaves and yellow cups of the dog-lily or nuphar, we went winding up a narrow creek, where was generally only a swampy strip of land, and along its sides the great clustered bushes of azalea leaned and beckoned to us. Again and again was the boat shoved under the bushy bank and the fragrant pinky-white clusters, often clinging together as if glued by their own sweetness, were heaped in either end of the boat till we could scarcely see over them. If the clusters lacked the rich color of the purple pixter flower of the south and west, they outdid the latter in perfume. The pale Andromeda ligustrina grew by the water side, presenting its leafy twigs and ob-

scure panicles of globular scentless white blossoms. Wild roses gleamed at intervals and enticed us into gathering them, but the bright petals fell before we reached the landing. Great feathery wands of meadow-rue were more satisfactory, though nothing could compare with the azalea. Rowing around the pond, we could not wholly resist the alluring gleam of the yellow genista or wood waxen that clothed with its brilliant flowers the neighboring hills. The many acres of waste land in Essex Co., Mass., that are overrun by this wiry weed, have for a few weeks, a glory that can scarcely be believed until seen. The plant grows scarcely a foot in height and each slender stalk, twenty to fifty from one root, bears three inches of yellow papilionaceous, or pea-blossom shaped flowers. Along the shore grew clumps of elders with their flat clusters of starry white blossoms, the sweet-scented cymes nodding to us in the faint breeze; while below, close to the water, leaned the yellow-green tufts of bayberry leaves hiding the little green berries on the lower part of the stem, tempting us to crush them for their fragrance.

At the landing we gathered our treasures into handfuls. The stiff woody stems of the azaleas were hard to grasp and hold together. The snowy full blown clusters heavy with musky fragrance were perfect, but we could not give up also the branches of long, gummy, pinkish buds that would open daily for a week to come. Before they were done blossoming, we turned our faces toward the mountains; now we gather quite different treasures, and are finding and making acquaintance with the Flora of the Uplands.

L. M. T.

MAKING POEMS.

You would like to make a poem
Of roses and dew?
Of dawn? and from the rainbow
A color or two?

Of little Mabel’s beauty—
Her fragrant lips?
Of the tossing sea out yonder,
And the shining ships?

Of lovers sitting silent
On the silver sand?
Of a baby’s bright curls blowing,
And a dimpled hand?

I know one who makes poems
From ugly prose;
Her life holds no rainbow
Neither a rose.

Her hands do common duties,
Her small feet run
On dull and weary errands
From sun to sun.

The aged and the helpless
Bring to her their needs;
And each day a word is added
To the poem that God reads.

—Wide Awake.

A fly is a very light burden; but if it were perpetually to return and settle on one’s nose, it might weary us of our very lives.—*Frederika Bremer*.

PLENTY OF BLOSSOMS.

Every summer when working among the flowers one is reminded afresh of the delightful and almost puzzling truth, that the more freely we cut the flowers, that the more fully they will bloom, and the greater abundance we shall have, to fill not only our own homes, but those of others, with fragrance. Then that again tells the old story of using *ourselves* freely and unstintingly in the willing acts of helpfulness which fill a home with cheerful, orderly habits, giving it that larger fragrance of active, growing souls. Such lives may fill a world with great deeds whose fragrance shall reach the borders of the better land.

"And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the city immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed."

This was written of prayers, instead of deeds, but if prayers can shed fragrance, how much more may deeds!

FABLE BY JULIUS STURM.

Its top overloaded with fruit, I see stand
A very large apple-tree there in the sand;
Not far from it stands too a poor little tree
No apples and very few leaves there I see;
"Why have you so much fruit," it plaintively sighed,
"While I, almost leafless, pine here by your side?"
"When I was your age, child," the old tree did say,
"I never was idle, but worked night and day;
I pressed my roots down through the sand, and I found
That under the sand there was rich, fertile ground."

—Translated from the German by J. J.

A GOOD DRIVER.

A simple but significant scene occurred in Devonshire street the other day, which we witnessed from our "sanctum" window. A heavily loaded wagon, drawn by a pair of large horses, stopped for a moment's rest. The driver, a rough and hardy looking man, went about the animals, lifting the broad harness here, and adjusting it in another place, spreading the head-stall blinders, and shifting the saddle-bearings. It was a warm day; the horses were very wet with perspiration. He patted them about the head kindly—first one and then the other, and there seemed to be a perfect understanding between man and beast. We felt a little annoyed to see the heavy load,—too heavy; but the driver *had no whip*, and, when he was ready and spoke to the horses, they responded with all their power, and the great weight was moved steadily along to its destination.—*Boston Globe*.

HAWTHORNE'S LAMB.

Nathaniel was a very quiet boy, but he had a tender heart, though he was fond of rambling off by himself and had but few intimate friends. He loved animals, and everything in nature, and I was going to tell you the story of his saving the lamb from dying of fatigue one day. But I have his journal, or a part of it, written when he was a boy. I know you would rather read it in his own words, remembering that the boy Nathaniel, who wrote the diary, afterwards became the author of the "House of Seven Gables," "Mosses from an old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," and many

other works noted for their sweet simplicity of style. Here is the quotation, and it gives as pretty a little story of the great man's boy heart, as we could wish to see.

"Maj. Berry went past our house with a large drove of sheep, yesterday. One, a last year's spring lamb, gave out, could go no farther. I saw him down near the ledge. The poor dumb creature looked in my eyes, and I thought I knew just what he would say if he could speak, and so asked Mr. Berry what he would sell it for.

"Just the price of his pelt, and that will be sixty-five cents," was the answer.

"I ran and petitioned mother for the money, which she soon gave me, saying, with a smile, which she tried to make severe, but could not, that I was a great spendthrift. The lamb is in our orchard now, and he made a bow, (without taking off his hat) and thanked me this morning for saving him from the butcher."—*Exchange*.

TRAY.

Sing me a hero! Quench my thirst of Soul, ye bards!

A beggar child (quoth bard the third),
Sat on the quay's edge; like a bird
Sang to herself at careless play
And fell into the stream. "Dismay!
"Help, you the standers-by!" None stirred.

Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. "How well he dives!"

"Up he comes with the child, see, tight
"In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
"A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet!
"Good dog! What, off again? There's yet
"Another child to save? All right!"

"How strange we saw no other fall!
"It's instinct in the animal.
"Good dog! But he's a long while under;
"If he got drowned I should not wonder—
"Strong current, that against the wall!"

"Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
"—what may the thing be? Well, that's prime!
"Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
"In man alone, since all Tray's pains
"Have fished—the child's doll from the slime!"

And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off,—old Tray,—
Till somebody, prerogativated
With reason, reasoned: "Why he dived,
"His brain would show us, I should say.

"John, go and catch—or, if needs be,
"Purchase that animal for for me!
"By vivisection, at expense
"Of half an hour and eighteen pence,
"How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see."

—*Robert Browning*.

Forget your own troubles, but not those of others.

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Notes from the Field.

OUR ILLINOIS MISSIONARY.—Mr. Effinger's activity seems only to increase with the hot weather. We are indebted to him for most of the Illinois news on this page.

PONTIAC, ILL.—By special invitation Mrs. Lucretia R. Effinger visited this point on the 21st ult., and spoke both morning and afternoon to large audiences. The prospect seems good for organizing a society here.

A NEW REVISION.—The Mormons are revising their sacred books, comparing them carefully with the original manuscripts preserved at Richmond, Mo. There is a strong suspicion that interpolations have crept in.

CONCORD, MASS.—The attendance at the Summer School of Philosophy is larger than at any time since the first year. Among the addresses reported up to the time of our going to press are Dr. C. A. Bartol on Emerson's Religion, Prof. W. T. Harris on Emerson's View of Nature, Mr. John Albee on Emerson as an Essayist, and Mr. Edwin D. Mead on Emerson as an Essayist. The papers were followed by interesting discussions, in which Miss Peabody, Mr. Mallory, Rev. J. H. Ward and Mr. Sanborn of the *Springfield Republican* took part.

MOLINE, ILL.—On Sunday, July 21, Mr. Effinger preached at this place both morning and evening. The evening service was under the auspices of the Liberal League recently organized there by a

number of intelligent and progressive young men. They gave Mr. Effinger a hearty welcome, and one of the officers of the League stated to him that they would be willing to unite on the basis of his circular.* The evening audience was estimated at 125 to 150, with a good proportion of young people. Enthusiasm prevailed, and our missionary received an earnest invitation to come again.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.—A circular received from the Civil-Service Reform Association of New York calls attention to the great advance made in that state during the past year. The competitive system of appointments, already in effect as far as state officials were concerned, was last winter made obligatory on all incorporated cities in the state. The Civil-Service Commission of New York presides over the examinations and prescribes the rules by which all state officials are appointed, and it is authorized to pass upon the rules prescribed by the Mayor of each city, who is expressly required to carry out the reformed system.

The Association desires to impress upon reformers everywhere the hopefulness of a like reform to be secured by like methods. This legislation was carried through a Senate and Assembly rather hostile than friendly to reform, because public opinion, largely led by the Reform Association, brought a pressure to bear that could not be resisted. The Association is now aiming to organize similar bodies throughout the country. Information concerning its methods will be gladly furnished all who apply to the Secretary, Mr. Wm. Potts, 4 Pine St., New York City.

Business Notices.

COMFORT, ECONOMY AND SPEED.

The time when the seeker of a new home in the far West and his wearied family were required to suffer the fatigue and discomfort of a long journey in a regular day coach, with no beds but the seats, has long since passed by; a great majority of such passengers being unable to provide their families with the luxuries of Pullman Palace Sleeping cars, on account of the expense. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R. Co., began, several years ago, to equip its lines with sleeping cars which would afford comfortable sitting room for its passengers by day, and agreeable sleeping apartments at night, and to open these accommodations without extra charge to all persons traveling, even on the low fares uniformly furnished to seekers of homes in the new country now opening along the line of road, as well as to the Pacific coast. These sleeping cars are not upholstered, but

are finished on the interior in hard woods, and after each trip are thoroughly washed, and made as clean as when they first came from the builder's hands.

These cars are also well lighted and ventilated, provided with closets and lavatories, and are liberally supplied with water and fuel, so as to make them comfortable at all seasons of the year.

The Agent of the Company at Kansas City will take especial pains to locate passengers of the same nationality together, and classify passengers with some consideration of accommodation and congeniality, so as to make their trip as companionable and enjoyable as possible. The train men are also instructed to look carefully after the comfort of these passengers. Assignments of berths are made at Kansas City, by which passengers may be assured of retaining their places through to the Pacific coast if desired.

These cars form a part of the express trains between Kansas City and The Needles, and Kansas City and Deming, and passengers thus have all the privileges of these comfortable cars at the extremely low rates of fare, and arrive at their destination as promptly as if traveling in Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars.

Parties desiring any further information, will, by addressing the undersigned, receive prompt and courteous attention.

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GRAZING IN NEW MEXICO.

ROOM YET FOR MILLIONS OF CATTLE.

From an article in the *New Mexico Review* of June 3 we learn that 60,000,000 acres are near the actual pastoral area of that territory, after deducting the space occupied by "towns, villages, ranch houses, corrals, lakes, streams, mining camps and agricultural lands," but not deducting "the immense space occupied by the Rocky Mountains and other mesas." The *Review* says:

This last space is a most valuable part of the pastoral resources of New Mexico; the foot hills and mesas adjacent to the highest mountain ranges—up to the snow and timber line in the highest altitude—produce as a general thing from 100 to 300 per cent. more grass in bulk than the plains' pastoral region. Now we come to figures.

Admitting there are 1,500,000 cattle in New Mexico, and that it takes ten acres to subsist each head annually, we have 15,000,000 acres; add for 3,000,000 sheep three acres each (and not ten acres), we have a total of 24,000,000 acres occupied. Deducting this from 60,000,000 acres, leaves over 30,000,000 acres unoccupied. Therefore, allowing ten acres per head, there is yet room for over 3,000,000 cattle, not counting the hundreds of thousands that will eventually be fed and subsisted from the agricultural lands, from the gross area where those agricultural lands are, as they will be in time planted with alfalfa, especially and exclusively for stock breeding, green for summer and cured for winter use.

Alfalfa properly cultivated will produce three crops per season, in the middle (7,000 feet above sea level), and four or five crops in the lower altitudes in New Mexico, of two tons per acre for each cutting, or from six to ten tons per acre annually, depending upon the altitude.

Let those who give their attention to raising of fine stock, cattle, horse and mule breeding, beef and dairy purposes, carefully look into this matter, for in the near future this will be the absorbing topic as gradually the grass domain becomes occupied. It must be stated for the information of the uninformed that alfalfa is not planted or sown yearly. Neither does it require much more attention than irrigation at the proper time, maturing the first year. It is the first thing green in the spring and the last in the late autumn. One seeding will last from five to seven years.

Now, of the over 30,000,000 acres yet unoccupied in New Mexico, between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 acres

*See **UNITY** for April 1, 1884, page 58.

are private domain in tracts of from 15,000 to 500,000 acres in round numbers, which are not yet stocked with cattle.

These tracts embrace, as a general thing, the choicest pastoral domain and in some cases carrying large bodies of splendid building and saw timber with limited amounts of agricultural lands.—*From the Standard, Chicago.*

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infant steps thus far.During the last year our publishers, through the
effective work of Mr. Chas. H. Kerr, our Business
Agent, have been enabled greatly to improve the
practical affairs of our little paper.The number of those who speak through UNITY
columns as editorial or occasional contributors, has
also increased.As an indication of our prospective force we can
do no better than to offer a partial list of those who
during the last year have lent willing hands and
with whose help and that of our subscribers we
expect to continue in nursing our infant into a
more useful maturity.

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Jocoseria.

"Suppose that we part (work done comes play)
With"—A little fellow three years old, who had
never eaten frosted cake, asked at the table
for a piece of that "cake with plastering on
it."*Little Flaxen Hair*: "Papa, it's raining."
Papa, somewhat annoyed by work on hand:
"Well, let it rain." *Little Flaxen Hair*,
aggrieved: "I was going to.""I wish my wife was n't a politician," said
Snifkins, sadly. "Why?" asked his friend.
"Is she a Democrat?" "No, she's a bolter.
She won't let me in after half-past ten o'clock
at night.""Just to think," said a Vassar graduate,
"here is an account of a train being thrown
from the track by a misplaced switch. How
utterly careless some women are about leaving
their hair around." And she went on reading
and eating caramels.An arrow-minded paragrapher is responsible
for the following:"Why does Diana get more beaux than
I?" asked the elder sister. "I don't know,
unless it is she is a little archer," said
mamma, with a quiver of her lips.A lady in a school was telling her class
that in a certain week, then approaching,
would come Good Friday. "What does that
mean?" asked a lad. "Pshaw!" said another
boy, nudging him, "you'd better go
home and read your Robinson Crusoe."

Short and Easy.

*London Inquirer.*Aldis and Arnold's Catholic Dictionary,
lately published, has under one heading the
following:—"ORIGEN [see Hell];" which is
certainly a short and easy way of dealing
with heretics.

The "Advocate's" Narrow Escape.

*Independent.*A queer thing has happened to the *Western
Christian Advocate*:"Lately, as we were stepping off a train, it began
to move and we lost balance. At the same instant
strong, friendly hands from behind caught and held
us steady until the danger was past."How can a paper step off a train and lose
its balance? And what was the danger it
was saved from?

Reflections on Reflectors.

*Christian Register.*A business notice in an exchange charitably
assigns the cause of sleepy congregations at
the evening service to the "improper position
of the lamps or gas-jets, which throw
the light into the eyes in such a way as to
make closing the eyes involuntary." Of
course, the remedy is proper reflectors.
Only, we should put the reflector in the
pulpit instead of the ceiling, and, if possible,
induce a little more reflection in the pews.BY ALL ODDS
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